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Gainesville Daily Sun.

VOL. XXVI, NO. 235 GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1909 TEN CENTS A WEEK

HIS MONEY TROUBLE.

Gained a Dime and Then He Fig- ured Up the Loss.

...next time Lionel, whose other ...doesn't matter, gets his optics on ...unattached dime he'll look the oth... way. For Lionel is all peeved up ...an adventure he had the other ...—an adventure that had a dime ...its foundation and for which he ...blame no one but Lionel. He re...ed his money trouble thuswise:

"...a Broadway car I saw it—the ...that was hoodooed. It lay upon ...floor of the car unclaimed and ...some. No one else seemed to care ...take it in and give it a welcome, so ... But even as I reached for the ...of silver the trouble drama opened. ...suspenders snapped with the strain ..., as you can see, I'm not built on ...sankeh garden plan as regards ...ardupois. Thereupon I reached back ...gather the frayed ends of the busted ...tangle, still feeling for the chunk of ...metal with the other hand. My ...ch, not to be shoved out of the ...ena without a chance to do its little ..., dropped out of my pocket, mak... a decided hit. The crystal broke ...7,869 pieces, not counting the one ...I got in my finger later. The ...s mingled with the dirt and shat...ed glass, and the case tripped gayly ...a corner. Just to show it was ...interested, a perfectly good silver ...r bounced out of my waistcoat ...et and did the vanishing act—...re, I know not. A fountain pen, ...immed up with gold bands, follow... suit. By this time I was giving the ...of the passengers the show of ...r lives—and nobody coming across ...anything but the giggle gag. And ...uldn't vocalize my feelings because ...e were ladies present. Holding ...o my wrecked raiment and carry... my assorted ruins as well as I ..., I hurled myself off that car ...the next corner. Then I beat it for ...friendly retreat and totaled up the .... The wreck had set me back ...but I had the dime!"—Cincinnati ...s-Star.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORITY.

...eemed to Fit the Case, and Joey Was Discharged.

...ere was consternation among the ...g folk. The "music" for the danc... at the picnic in the glen had got ...trouble. No one ever considered ...other "music" but Joey the fiddler. ...was indispensable, but he was also .... In the old country Joey had ...a schoolteacher and a man of ...siderable learning, but here he had ...n into evil ways. He was over... of two things—a bottle and an ...ment. Having become engaged in ...atter on this day of the picnic, he ...the former over the head of his ...ent and was haled away to the .... The young people called a ...meeting and appointed a com... to wait upon Squire Nugent to ...the release of the "music" if .... The squire was hearing ...case when the committee ar.... The spokesman respectfully ex... the absolute necessity of Joey's ...ce at the picnic that day.

"...'s a good soul, squire. l'ave me ...m in Joey."

...squire took down a ponderous ...k and began thoughtfully to ...the pages.

"...you're lookin' for the legal au... coverin' my case, squire, ye'll ...it in Byron," the prisoner sug....

"...you quote it?" asked the mag... with a twinkle in his eye.

"...so I can," Joey promptly re.... "It reads, 'On with the dance; ...y be unconfined.'"

...squire adjudged Byron a com... authority, and Joey was uncon....—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Reply to Gladstone.

...adstone had no great scientific ...ledge," said an English writer, ...at a dinner when Faraday de... an important new scientific ...ery, the premier showed indiffer....

"After all,' he said, hiding a yawn ...his hand, 'what use will it ever ...'

"...ir,' said Faraday, 'there's every ...ability, sir, that some day you'll ...e to tax it.'"

A Turn Down.

...y—Beg pardon, mister; I'm a ...r in dese parts. Farmer Har... ...Well, I dunno of anybody that ...he git acquainted with ye ...away.—Boston Transcript.

PLAYING THE STOCKS.

He Who Has Knowledge and He Who Gambles on Gossip.

Of the many popular delusions touching Wall street and its people none is more persistent or more dangerous to the outsider than the belief that from nothing great permanent fortunes have been made by shrewd and lucky speculation in prices. It isn't true. We differentiate here between speculation in prices only and the kind of legitimate speculation which seeks to anticipate great economic changes. Legitimate speculation has its translation into prices, too, but it takes, first, original capital in some reasonable proportion to the profits expected and, secondly, the treatment of exceptional opportunity with correct imagination. Its risks at best are very large. Among our Wall street acquaintances are several hard headed men who succeed in making $25,000 a year by speculation. Not one of them has a capital of less than $250,000. They make it earn about 10 per cent.

Take Blank, one of the ablest speculators we know. He has made half a million dollars during the past five years. Very handsome return, you say. Let us look at Blank. He was the chief accountant of one of the big railway systems when an uncle, dying, left him $20,000. Mind you, he was an expert railway statistician and an exceptionally able young man to boot. He knew his own road like a book, as well as some other things that only the directors were aware of. The stock of the system looked cheap to him, and he used his $20,000 to margin 4,000 shares. A bull market was beginning, and within a month or two Blank's capital had increased to $60,000. He was content with a ten point rise, though the stock advanced ten points more. That was the first of Blank's deals. Twelve months later he won again. He thought that the stock of a certain western system was selling below its value and set about an investigation to find the facts. He hired a first class engineer and a retired traffic manager to travel from one end of that railroad to the other, and he himself analyzed the accounts. When all the reports were in it seemed to him that the system was earning enough money to justify an increase of its dividend, and he plunged once more. He waited six months for his point this time, and his investigation had cost him $5,000. He made $50,000. Good interest, you say, but think of Blank's special equipment for the game and the trouble he took to be right. You, Mr. Thinmarginist, after reading the Wall street gossip in your daily paper, adventure your thousand or two thousand dollars and expect to double your money. Mark the difference.—John Parr in Everybody's Magazine.

IN A PYTHON'S COIL.

An Adventure That Nearly Cost a Zoo Official His Life.

The attendants in zoological gardens are exposed to dangers of various sorts. The superintendent of the Cincinnati animal park once had an adventure with a python which came near costing him his life.

It became necessary to make some changes in the snake house, and the superintendent, Mr. Stephens, was in the cage of pythons, anticipating no danger, when to his dismay he saw the largest snake coming toward him, hissing and darting its tongue angrily. Instantly he realized his danger.

The superintendent quickly grasped the huge reptile just back of the neck with his right hand and with the left clutched the creature two feet lower down, where the greatest muscular power of the python is located.

He tried to thrust the writhing mass into a waiting box, but the python coiled its twelve feet of length round the man's leg and began to constrict, carrying its tightening coils higher and higher.

Struggle as he might, Mr. Stephens seemed helpless in the serpent's grasp. His hands were so moist that the scaly body twisted in them. Perspiration streamed down his face. The python had worked its head free and was darting its horrid tongue almost in its victim's eyes.

The man threw up his hand instinctively to shield his face, and at the same moment the snake seized and began swallowing it.

By this time the attendants had rushed into the cage, and they began beating the python. Not liking this treatment, the big snake relaxed its coils. Mr. Stephens jerked his hand free and broke off one of the python's fangs in his thumb in so doing.

"If I had not held on to its heaviest muscle," said the superintendent, "I have no doubt it might have strangled me. As long as I kept my grip there I felt confident, but I was pretty weak after the adventure."

AGREED WITH THE ASP.

The Frenchman Got Around the Law Against Hissing.

A gentleman who had been unceremoniously hustled out of a Paris playhouse because he hissed when the curtain fell on the second act brought an action for damages against the manager of the said house.

The court decided in favor of the hissing gentleman, adding that if a spectator is allowed to show his delight by indulging in applause his neighbor has also the right to show disapprobation in an audible fashion.

But the law in France was not always so tolerant. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was strictly forbidden to hiss in a playhouse, and in every theater there were a number of "gardes Francaises" with strict orders to arrest any person infringing the law.

But the French are not easily put down by silly regulations, and whenever they see an opportunity they attack the authorities with that fearful weapon ridicule. In this case such an opportunity came at the Comedie Francaise during the performance of "Cleopatra," a play by Marmontel.

It was a badly written, dull work, and the people were waiting for a chance to give vent to their opinion. At last the chance came. The management had ordered a mechanical asp for the great scene in the final act, when Cleopatra puts an end to her life.

The actress raised the asp, which started hissing, whereupon a spectator rose to his feet and cried: "The asp is quite right. We all share his opinion!" Roars of laughter greeted this joke, and as it was foreseen that a similar scene would take place every night the piece was withdrawn from the repertory.

Aristhiou.

In a small village in Switzerland is a comfortable old inn much frequented by English, and the menu generally includes one dish supposed to be specially British. Though the orthography is peculiar, the meaning is generally obvious—as, for example, "rost bif roti," "rumesteck," but "aristhiou de mouton a l'Anglais" was puzzling. The first word has a distinctly classical appearance, which suggested a Greek origin. But when the dish appeared the meaning flashed into the guests' minds. "Aristhiou" was the Swiss chef's attempt to render phonetically the words "Irish stew."—Manchester Guardian.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

A Foreign Sovereign Responsible For This English Official.

So long as the sovereign himself presided at the meetings of the cabinet there was no obvious necessity for giving any member of it precedence over the others. But from the accession of the house of Hanover the king ceased to take part in the deliberations of the cabinet. It has been said, indeed, by a modern statesman that, "with a doubtful exception in the time of George III., no sovereign has been present at a meeting of the cabinet since Anne."

The change, like so many other modifications which have been introduced into the British constitution, was the result of a purely accidental circumstance. George I. could not speak the English language. It was clearly useless for a monarch to be present at the meetings of his councilors when he did not understand the language in which their deliberations were carried on. But when the sovereign was thus necessarily and habitually absent from the cabinet it became requisite that some minister should be chosen who should preside at the meetings and report its decisions to the king. Thus the accession of a foreigner who could not converse in English led to one of the most momentous changes in the constitution. The act of settlement had given England a foreign sovereign; the presence of a foreign sovereign gave England a prime minister.—From "Essays Political and Biographical," by Sir Spencer Walpole.

It's a Crime

INHERIT THE JOB.

The Postmasters of a Little Town In Kent, England.

Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent, England. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelley, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

"What's become of Mr. Pengelley?" he asked, interrupting for a moment his majesty's letter assorter.

"I am Mr. Pengelley."

"Perhaps you're his son."

"Yes; my father's name was Pengelley, too," drawled the Englishman.

"I mean the postmaster."

"So do I."

"Was your father postmaster forty years ago?"

"My word, no! That was my grandfather. You see, our names are all alike, and the postoffice department doesn't know but that the first one is alive. We inherit this job, don't you know. And my wife's just presented me with a son. There was no haggling over his name."—New York Press.

TWO MEN AND A TIP.

An Incident In a Broadway Lunch Room In New York.

A business man who in his university days had been a devoted student of ethics sat down in a lower Broadway lunch room a few days ago and saw something that awakened a particular train of thought in channels unused since his student days.

Directly opposite him two men were finishing their midday meal. One, a sprucely dressed chap, sipped his last drop of coffee, placed a dime on the table in front of his empty cup and walked out. The other, equally well dressed, took a little longer time over his coffee before preparing to go. Then just as he was about to rise he furtively passed his hand over to the dime in front of his former neighbor's plate and moved it to a position in front of his own. He then walked hastily out. The waiter a moment later picked up the dime, noting before whose plate it was, and cleaned away the dishes, mumbling the while.

Now the former college man is wondering whether this is not a case where he can aptly apply those words of Shakespeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash. * * * but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed."—New York Tribune.

Entertaining and Hospitality.

I have no sympathy with the tired murmur of the straining women who speak of entertaining as "a duty to society." We all have duties to society, but entertaining is not one of them. There is no more obligation for a woman to entertain than there is for a man to swap horses with a neighbor. The conditions as they now exist are identical. The neighbor may desire to swap his horse, but no man feels bound on that account to exchange his own for it against his wish. Since I have recognized the market value of my own horse and how much I am always expected to give "to boot," I never swap.

The real and usually neglected duty to society is hospitality, and that has an important distinction from entertaining. It is hospitality only when the entertainment is without hope of reward. The moment the host hopes to receive in exchange even a good opinion, a little affection or admiration it ceases to be hospitality and becomes entertaining. The foundation of hospitality must be perfect unselfishness.

The question left us to solve in individual cases is, Which will give the most satisfaction as society is now organized?—Ethel Davis in "Dishonesty and Caste."

Romance In High Life.

"So that heiress is engaged to a nobleman."

"Yes."

"And you say the affair was romantic?"

"Oh, very. Why, the duke was even too poor to hire a lawyer."—Kansas City Journal.